Nur. Now God in heauen blesse thee; harke you sir.

Ro. What saist thou my deare Nurse?

Nur. Is your man secret, did you nere here say, two may keep counsell putting one away.

Ro. Warrant thee my mans as true as steele.

Nur. Well sir, my Mistresse is the sweetest Lady, Lord, Lord, when twas a litle prating thing, O there is a Noble man in town one *Paris*, that would faine lay knife aboord: but she good soule had as leeue see a tode, a very tode as see him: I anger her sometimes, and tell her that *Paris* is the properer man, but ile warrant you, when I say so, she lookes as pale as any clout in the versall world, doth not Rosemarie and *Romeo* begin both with a letter?

Ro. I Nurse, what of that? Both with an *R*.

Nur. A mocker thats the dog, name *R*. is for the no, I know it begins with some other letter, and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and Rosemarie, that it would do you good to heare it.

Ro. Commend me to thy Lady.

Nur. I a thousand times *Peter*.

Pet. Anon.

Nur. Before and apace. *Exit.*

Enter Iuliet.

Iu. The clocke strooke nine when I did send the Nurse,
In halfe an houre she promised to returne,
Perchance she cannot meete him, thats not so:
Oh she is lame, loues heraulds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glides then the Sunns beames,
Driuing backe shadowes ouer lowring hills.
Therefore do nimble pinioned doues draw loue,
And therefore hath the wind swift *Cupid* wings:
Now is the Sun vpon the highmost hill,
Of this dayes iourney, and from nine till twelue,
Is there long houres, yet she is not come,
Had she affections and warme youthfull bloud,

She would be as swift in motion as a ball,
My words would bandie her to my sweete loue.

M. And his to me, but old folks, many fain as they wer dead,
Vnwieldie, slowe, heauie, and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse.

O God she comes, ô hony Nurse what newes?
Hast thou met with him? send thy man away.

Nur. Peter stay at the gate.

Iu. Now good sweete *Nurse*, O Lord, why lookest thou sad?
Though newes be sad, yet tell them merily.
If good, thou shamest the musicke of sweete newes,
By playing it to me, with so sower a face.

Nur. I am a wearie, giue me leaue a while,
Fie how my bones ake, what a iaunce haue I?

Iu. I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy newes:
Nay come I pray thee speake, good good Nurse speake.

Nur. Iesu what haste, can you not stay a while?
Do you not see that I am out of breath?

Iu. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath
To say to me, that thou art out of breath?
The excuse that thou doest make in this delay,
Is longer then the tale thou doest excuse.
Is thy newes good or bad? answere to that,
Say either, and ile stay the circumstance:
Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?

Nur. Well, you haue made a simple choyse, you know not how to chuse a man: *Romeo*, no not he though his face be better then any mans, yet his leg excels all mens, and for a hand and a foote and a body, though they be not to be talkt on, yet they are past compare: he is not the flower of curtesie, but ile warrant him, as gentle as a lamme: go thy wayes wench, serue God. What haue you dinde at home?

Iu. No, no. But all this did I know before.
What sayes he of our marriage, what of that?

Nur. Lord how my head akes, what a head haue I?
It beates as it would fall in twentie peeces.